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Oh, there above, you heather bill, There is a house they point out still, Where dwelt the man o' Airlie. His hand was hard wi' labor ; But still he had a hamely way

O' standin' by his neighbor His burly laugh made men rejoice His words the neighbors guided ; And in his smile confided;

The word, to-day, that left his lip Became a deed to-morrow. Hout man, the friendship o' his grip

He lacked in learnin' sairly, And yet ye'd pick him frac a crowd The honest man o' Airlie.

His wealth, it was na' in his land It was na' in the city ; A mint o' honor was his hand, His heart a mine o' pity.

He's dead and gane, this prince o' Fife, Mute is his burly laughter ; But ah ! the music o' his life That bides wi' us lang after.

That lingers bright and lovin', Just like a star lost frac the sky Whose ray survives bis ruin.

Ob, up and down an' roun an' roun, And o'er the 'hale world fairly, Ye might has searched, but never foun Auithor man o' Airlie.

DARK DAYS.

There was a time when, in our trade, there came a regular storm—not a rainy day or two, but a regular downpour— and from half-dozens being discharged on Saturdays, it came to tens and twenties; and every time I went up to the office it was all in a shiver-like lest I should be one of those who were to be

You see, it was a particular time just then, for, after twelve months of anx-iety, I had won a race that I had been fellow workman of mine. You see, we had been both struck at the same time and same place, and, to speak plainly, trying to win the same heart. Somehow—I don't know how it was, unless she could read how true I felt toward her—Lizzie gave her hand to me; and at the time I am talking about she'd been my busy little wife for six months.

Dick Green looked rather queer at

speak. But that wasn't my fault, for I

But being, as I said, so happy, I didn't steps behind me, and an up stairs lodger like to see Dick so down in the mouth.

I was sorry for him, too; for, poor fel"The missus gone out, Mrs. Winkus?"

such a prize as I'd won.
"Lizzie," I says, one morning when
we were at breakfast, "Dick Green

hen said he would come. Sunday came, and so did Dick Green out somehow that dinner did not come | lad !" she sobbed again. off as nicely as I should have liked. I hould have liked her to be; but when | winced. we sat smoking our pipes at the window, gazing out at the giorious prospect,

seemed to go a little more grew quite friendly, though not in the open way that I should have liked—but I set that down to my own disagreeable way of looking at things; and last of all, I got to be sorry that I had ever tried to be friends again, for he took to coming hurried with him out of the house, and I haven't same her since." be friends again, for he took to coming hurried with him out of much more often than I wished; and I I haven't seen her since."

an't say as I liked finding him there twice when I went home.

The last time, I couldn't help it, I throat, and my heart was as if on fire. spoke to Lizzie about it when he'd gone, and she laid her little hand on my shoulder, and said she'd much rather

going on at the works, for the very next

going on, for I says to myself, what's the use of making her miserable? But at last all that I had expected came—I was put off, one of the very last, too; was put off, one of the very last, too; said always. And I said it for six hand. He was seen prowing about the from regular custom, I walked around to the works, I saw the gates closed, but in vain. I went all over England the whole place one great, blacks and drazors of steam, no whirling of wheels, nothings for the steam of the ste but silence, without so much as a puff two
of smoke from the great furnace shafts, busi-

beart—all Saturday night and Sunday and I left her that morning singing a blithe as a lark. So I hung about til

the respect out of a man who is willing, it is tramping from town to town in search of work. And, after all, perhaps

search of work. And, after all, perhaps no wonder, for one gets into a queer, low way, especially if a man's situated as I was, trembling for every penny I spent, as I thought of her sitting and waiting at home for the good news that, as weeks passed on, I could not send.

Home! There, that word, and the thoughts of what was there, kept me up at many a despairing time, when, after thirty, forty, or fifty miles' tramp, I came, almost penniless, to a town to get the same old answer.

the same old answer.

It was the old tale—no work; and at last, half mad with disappointment, I turned my steps homeward.

I had not had the heart to write for weeks, and at times I hadn't had even the penny to pay for the stamp, because I wanted it for bread. I had not heard from Lizzie, either, for I had been going about at random; here, to-day, there, to-morrow—anywhere where I thought there might be work. there might be work.

It was a weary tramp that, but at last got to London one evening, and then waited until it grew later, because—in my dirty, ragged state—I was ashamed to be seen.

It was nine o'clock when I slipped

down our court, and glanced up at the window—to see it dark.
"Poor lass," I says, "sitting in the dark to save candle."
There was nothing to hinder me, so I me when he came to know that we were slipped up stairs—ours was the first married, and for a fortnight he wouldn't floor front—and tried the door—fast.

"Gone out marketing," I says.

And, worn out, I sat down and leaned speak. But that wasn't my laute, not was that happy I could have made friends with the worst enemy I'd ever my cheek up against the panel, and waited for a good hour, when I heard waited for a good hour, when I heard

and ran back up stairs, "Don't know me," I says to myself seems awfully cut up about—you know bitterly; and then in a weary, dull a rt what; he don't speak now. What do you say to our trying to make it up?" know me fast enough, changed as I Lizzie turns very red, and looked a was; and then I began to be troubled at bit confused, as she says: "How can her not coming back; and first one we make it up?"

"Well, I was thinking, suppose we mind—terrible thoughts at last, about what women had been driven to who sak him up to dinner on Sunday, and what women had been driven to who ask him up to dinner on Sunday, and then we could sit and smoke our pipes after, and talk of old times; but I don't like being bad friends with an old mate."

"I don't think I'd do that, Harry," she says; and her face seemed to be troubled like.

"Nonsense," I says, in my stupid, thick headed way. "It's all right, little one; and let hygones I. I was weak and low, and a cloud recoved to switch perform my cross. I seemed to switch and low, and a cloud recoved to switch perform my cross. I seemed to switch and low, and a cloud recoved to switch perform my cross.

tle one; and let bygoues be bygones. I seemed to swim before my eyes. I grew dizzy, and a cold sweat came out on my forehead as I staggered down to the saked if she thought I should be jealous; when her face grew more troubled, and said "come in!" and I stood before she said it was a subject that should not Mrs. Chadds, our landlady, who set up

be joked about.

Next day I speaks to Dick, and though he was a bit rough, I wouldn't take any notice of it; and when at last I asked him to come and have a bit of dinner with ns, and said that Lizzie would be glad if he'd come, and held out to young down her cheeks.

It's only me—Harry Jones—Mrs. Chadds," I says, huskily. "I've come back. Where's Lizzy?"

"Ah! Harry—ah! My poor, dear with ns, and said that Lizzie would be glad if he'd come, and held out to young down her cheeks."

glad if he'd come, and held out to ning down her cheeks, hand, he turned sharp round, looked me full in the face for a few moments, and catching at my throat, for I felt as if I was choking.
"Oh! oh! my poor soul—my poor

dmost felt cross, for Lizzie was not as I and I held her arm so tightly that she "Ab, my poor lad—she's a bad—bad, false creature, and "—
"It's a lie—a lie—a false lie!" I

moothly.

That did what I wanted, though. Dick till she dropped sobbing on her knees at

"Who-who was it?" I gasped out, That name seemed like lightning on my brain, for there was, as it were, a

shoulder, and said she'd much rame.
I'd ask him not to come; when I kissed bright flash and then a crash, as it somether, and called myself a disagreeable thing had struck me, and then all was darkness; till in a strange, misty way I darkness; till in a strange, misty way I I might have put a stop to Dick's found myself trying to get up, while coming, or I might not—I can't say; Mrs. Chadds was bathing my face with water.
"Lie still, my poor soul," she said, sobbing. "Here, drink this;" but I put

it away, and, staggering to my feet, I got to the door, waved her off and made L said that I was all in trouble about the changes going on and trembling lest I should be one of the next; for, you brain, ever whispering: "Fetal barries, instead of being well formula." I should be one of the next; for, you brain, ever whispering: "Fetch her see, instead of being well forward, I was back—fetch her back!" And I meant to save her from him, with God's help,

think I was careless, for that wasn't the case. It was the getting married had made me short, for we had been tuying furniture, and pots, and pans, and kettles every Saturday night, till I used to wonder how big a van it would take if ever we had to move.

I never told Lizziea word of what was going on, for I says to myself, what's have hurt a hair of her head, for it was his doing—and mine.
"I ought never to have left her,"

said always. And I said it for six weary months, as I went from place to

from my eyes; but she was back directly, with her little one, so proud and moth-

all things in full work; but it was after twelve months' stoppage.

We let the past rest, Lizzie and I, never even thinking of it; though it is hard work sometimes, when I am tossing that babe up and down, to keep from brooding on the days when he was born born and in the control of the Sterra Nevada, the day of severest suffering, says Fremont and his men, that they have ever passed. At sunset the party stopped to sup with the friendly Captain Dana, and at nine at night San Luis Obispo was reached. Here the mustangs from Los Angeles were left, and eight others taken in their place and a Sterra Nevada, the day of severest suffering, says Fremont and his men, that the or the Sterra Nevada, the day of severest suffering, says Fremont and his men, that they have ever passed. At sunset the party stopped to sup with the friendly Captain Dana, and at nine at night San Luis Obispo was reached. Here the mustangs from Los Angeles were left, and eight others taken in their

Chamols Hunting. It is not so very long since we had the pleasure of conversing with one of the best Scotch deer stalkers and most successful of chamois hunters, says a travperience, getting a shot at a red deer is mere child's play compared to getting within range of the lynx eyed and keen out all night upon an icy mountain ledge cumvent a chamois the sportsman is compelled to adopt this course for many quarry. Then, again, deer stalkers draw up the mountain as a rule, while the chamois hunter's object is to attain a high altitude first and creep down tobead" upon. At gray dawn the chamois hunter is on the alert, and by the aid of his clear eyed Swiss guide and one of the best deer stalker's glasses he sweeps the rocky peak and ledge within his ken. If he is lucky enough to spot the sentinel chamois perched on some pinnacle of rugged granite, they partly separate in order to circumvent the flock, a proceeding which in nine cases out of ten end, in miserable discomfiture. Sometimes, however, the party above the chamois get a crack, at others those effect, not a bone of the quarry may be even picked at the camp fire. Sometimes the death-struck chamois topples off the giddy ledge, and bounding from of shapeless skin and bone. At other times the hunters find it impossible to get at the ridge upon which the chamois has fallen. Should the party, however, succeed in catching the old goat great rejoicing and horn blowing is indulged in. The flesh of the chamois eats more the gourmand's point of view is a dead failure. The wild, sterile and romantic where the dangerous sport is

ursued and the extreme arduousness of sportsman and lover of nature. Sportsmen love sport for sport's sake, and it is not the prize they value so much as the winning of it. The Swiss mountaineers are ardent chamois hun-ters, and many of the goiter affected in-habitants lose their lives yearly in hunt-

See, isn't this about the season of the year, asks an exchange, to start the original and veracious item about the woman whose child fell into the well, and while she was fishing it out the screams of her baby called her to the tub of water over itself, which was writhing in the agony of death (the child was, not the tub), and then when she ran to call her husbaud from the field, met the hired man bringing in all they could find of him after a short but vigorous Greco-Roman wrestle with a reaping despair to run into the house again, causing the handle to fly up and hit her in the back of the head with such viothat she gave three dollars for only the week before? It appears to us that this is about the right time.

John Farrell, a young profligate of Milwaukee, closed his life by his own hand. He was seen prowling about the home of his wife, who had discarded ALLAN E. DAY, a ball through his own head. Farrell was the only son of wealthy parents, had sent his father to an early grave with a broken heart, and had spent thousands NEWBURY, VIof his patrimony in debauchery. He was going from bad to worse when he so suddenly and tragically ended his existence.

breakfast time, and then went back to break it to her, and break it I did.

"Lord bless you, there's rothing like a good wife to give a man strength," I and I thought of some happy couple then we laid our heads together to fight the world; and after a bit of talk we settled that it would be a pity to break up our little home, and though we were half heart-broken at having to separate, there seemed to be nothing else for it. You see, we had a bit of credit where we were, and Miss Chadds, our landlady, was easy, and it seemed like taking bigs and threw her arms round me, holding had been to the big towns northward, and try and get work.

It never rains but it pours, men say, and now it was as if the big, black cloud had come with a vengeance, and I shivered as I stepped out into our court on as black and dreary a morning as ever made a man miscrable. We'd got it over—that parting; for I wouldn't let her come out upon the stairs where the other lodgers could see her, and my head seemed illed with the picture of her sitting of a heap-like upon the floor, and I was oliged, when I tore myself away, to take her poor arms from around my neck and run away.

If there's any one thing that will take the respect out of a man who is willing, it is tramping from town to town in search of work. And, after all perhaps no wonder, for one gets into a queer, low was a bonest as the day in the done on the furniture; for she was a lighted to be my window, and then in search of wonder as a black and dreary a morning as a step of the perhaps now the p to see you before you were taken to the hospital; and I believed him, and went, till I found out by his manner that he was a liar and cheat. And oh! Harry—Harry darling, these long—long, many months!"

Harry darling, these long—long, many known to the Californians. The usual guit was a sweening callon. The dest She broke from me then, before I

gait was a sweeping gallop. The first day they ran 125 miles, passing the San Fernando mountain, the defile of the Rincon and several other mountains, and from my eyes; but she was back directly, with her little one, so proud and motherly; and in that one moment all the past was forgotten, and I was down on my knees, with my face buried in her lap, crying—yes, I, a great, strong, six foot fellow, crying like a child.

How she must have worked, poor little thing, to keep home together; but she had done it—God bless her and forgive me for my doubts! toiling day and night with her needle. The neighbors had helped her through her trying time, when the little one was born. But there, the black cloud came, and it passed away; for, upon presenting mypassed away; for, upon presenting my-day, 1846, amid a raging tempest, and a self the next day at the old factory, I deluge of rain and cold, more killing was took on again directly, for 1 found than that of the Sierra Nevada, the day

> o'clock at night, and having made some seventy miles, Don Jesus became fadians. For safety during their reposes the party turned off the track, issued through a canyon into the thick wood and laid down, the horses being put to grass at a short distance, with the Spanish boy in the saddle to watch. Seep, when commenced, was too sweet to be easily given up, and it was half-way between midright and day when pedo among the horses and the calls of the boy. The cause of the alarm was soon found—not Indians, but white bears, this valley being their great re-sort and the place where Colonel Fremont and thirty-five of his men en-countered some hundreds of them the

like to meet them without the advantage of numbers. enemy, Colonel Fremont felt for his ing in the aggregate to 1,021,000 pistols, but Don Jesus desired him to bushels, divided as follows: From New be still, saying that "People could scare bears," and immediately hallooed at them in Spanish, and they went off.

Sleep went off also, and the recovery of the horses frightened by the bears, building a rousing fire, making a breakfast from the hospital supplies of San Luis Obispo occupied the party till day-break, when the journey was resumed,

from San Luis Obispo being a present to tween the interior and the seaboar him from Don Jesus, he (Don Jesus) cities than have ever before prevailed. desired to make an experiment of what brothers, one a year younger than the other. The elder was to be taken for other. The clder was to be taken for the trial, and the journey commenced upon him at leaving Monterey—the afternoon well advanced. Thirty miles under the saddle done that evening and the party stopped for the night. In the morning the elder caualo was again under the saddle for Colonel Fremont, and for ninety miles he carried him without a change and without apparent by his looks and action. But Colonel Fremont would not put him to the trial, and, shifting the saddle to the younger brother, the elder was turned loose to run the remaining thirty miles without a rider. He did so, immediately taking to his native pastures, his younger brother all the time at the head of the horses under the saddle, bearing on his bit and held in by his rider. The whole eight horses made the 120 miles each that day (after thirty the evening

After a hospitable detention of another half a day at San Luis Obispo, the party set out for Los Angeles, on the same nine horses which they had rode from that place, and made the ride back from that place, and made the ride back in about the same time they had made it up—namely, at the rate of 125 miles a day. On this ride the grass on the road was the food for the horses. At Monterey they had barley, but these horses are the food for the food for the horses are the food for the horses are the food for was the food for the horses. At Mon-terey they had barley, but these horses terey they had barley, but these horses—meaning those trained and domesticated as the canalos were—cat almost anything of vegetable food, or even drink, their master uses, by whom they are petted and caressed and rarely sold. Bread, fruit, sugar, coffee and even wine (like the Persian horses) they take from the hand of their master, and obey with like docility his slightest intimation. A tap of the whip on the saddle springs them into action; the check of a thread rein (on the Spanish bit) would stop them; and stopping short at speed they de not jostle the rider or throw him forward. They leap on everything—man, beast or weapon—on which their master amounts to from one to be fined and the springs them into action; the check of a thread rein (on the Spanish bit) would stop them; and stopping short at speed they de not jostle the rider or throw him forward. They leap on everything—man, beast or weapon—on which their master directs them. This description,

so far as conduct and behavior are concerned, of course only applies to the trained and domesticated horse.

I do not think, says a traveler, that the ants build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate, they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long, regular line—a line about two inches broad and often several about two inches broad and often several are in largeth. All along this line are miles in length. All along this line are miles in length. All along this line are large ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build understand the standard standard the standard standard standard the standard cannot bear, they immediately build un-derground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm. When they grow hungry, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that its quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The natives run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is so he told his wife, adding, by way of chased. They seem to understand and chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains. They seem to travel night and day. Many a time I have been awakened out of sleep, and obliged to rush out of the hut and into the water to save my life, and, after all, suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance guard, who had got into my clothes.

into my clothes.

When they enter a house, they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants will kill a rat in less than a minute, in s ite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is de-voured. They will not touch vegetable voured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are, in reality, very useful (as well as dangerous) to the natives, who have their huts cleared of all abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year. When on their march, the whole insect world flies before them, the whole insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go, they make a clean sweep—even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an immense leap. Instantly their strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times, this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful. The natives relate that criminals were in former times exmost cruel manner of putting them to

While the foreign demand for bread stuffs was less active in 1875 than in 1874, the present year opened with January 1, 1876, there has been exported from New York, of wheat alone, 10, 000 bushels during the corresponding period last year. An active export de-mand has induced a lively business in the way of ocean freights, at generally The character of these bears is well advancing prices. On the last Saturday was the most extensive reported in an On discovering the single day for a long time past, amoun phia, 199,000; from Baltimore, 32,000 bushels. The increased grain movements from lake ports during the two weeks ending May 7, 1876-8,445,311 bushels against 4,217,378 bushels for the corresponding two weeks in 1875. Since the Central railway's withdrawal cighty miles, and the afternoon brought the party to Monterey.

The next day, in the afternoon, the party set out on their return, and the two horses rode by Colonel Fremont two horses rode by Colonel Fremont causing lower transportation charges be-

ment of what
The United States is the granary
of the world, and the principal custom ers are Great Britain, Germany, France tions. The largest annual receipts of 107,273,158 bushels, were received in New York in 1874; the receipts at Bufels; in the same year (1873) Chicago attained its highest figure, 100,189,101 bushels. The receipts at Philadelphia in 1874 were 24,625,591 bushels; at Baltimore, 24, 936, 208 bushels. The deliveries of flour and grain at the seven chief At-lantic seaboard cities, New York, Boston, Portland, Montreal, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleaus, during the year 1874, amounted to 206,497,486 bushels, of which New York received 107,273,158 bushels, or more than one-

We had exhibited to us an apple of the Early Harvest variety which was quite a curiosity, by reason of its having grow-ing from its side a little bunch of vege-tation in the form of grass, which had

which the embryo development is accomplished. The young ones come out of their shell with a temporary swimming apparatus, which enables them to float and search a solid body, to which they can attach themselves. The number of young oysters expelled at each period of breeding from the mantle of a single mother amounts to from one to two millions.

worlds has he sorrow. He grieves, he is tormented, sceing the evil of his deed. The virtuous man rejoices in this world, and he shall rejoice in the next; in both worlds has he joy. He rejoices, he exults, seeing the purity of his deed. A man slothful, saying many good things but not doing them, is like a berdsman counting the kine of others, but owning none.

The Vicksburg (Miss.) Herald is re-sponsible for the following story: Mrs. Jones was standing in her back yard Jones was standing in her back yard feeding the chickens, when Stonewall Jackson came running in, crying as though his heart would break, and told her that Bill Brown had slapped him for nothing. Mrs. Jones never said a word, but she grit her teeth hard, and went into the house to cut cabbage, and chopped it so fine, thinking it was Bill Brown's head, that you might have sifted it through a cobweb. While Jones sat eating his dinner that evening, Mrs. Jones told him of the outrage that had been committed, and asked him what he was going to do about it? Jones pondered. Bill Brown was fully twenty-one years old, a shining light in

so he told his wife, adding, by way of parenthesis, "my dear, such cattle are beneath our notice."
"All right, Mr. Jones," said Mrs. J., "if you're not man enough to protect your family, thank God! I've got a brother," and she swept from the room with a look that Jones knew only too well. He had seen that same look on his wife's face once before, when he brought a friend home to dinner on washing day, and he knew it meant war. There was no help for it; it flashes upon Jones with the swiftness of lightning; there would be no peace in the Jones family until the insult of the morning

had been wiped out.

That night the boys were all sitting in a neighboring beer saloon, and its genial proprietor was telling them what he would do if he got the nomination for alderman. This gentleman, whom we will call Mike, because that was not his name, was an ex-prize fighter, could barely write his name, and was in many other respects especially qualified for an alderman. He kept good beer and offered it with that lavish liberality and recklessness of expenditure for which Vicksburg candidates are famous. Jones came in, took his pro rata of beer, and sat himself down to meditate upon the Brown affair. At last a happy idea seemed to strike him; he called for an-other "shoo-fly," and rubbed his hands and slapped his knees in gleeful antici-

that uneasy, suspicious air so common among candidates.

"Oh, nothing," said Jones, mysteriously; "I don't think I ought to tell."

"Jones," said Mike, solemnly, "if you're a friend of mine you'll tell."

must keep it confidential." "All right; go ahead," said Mike, anxiously.
"Well," said Jones, "I just came from the Centennial barroom, and heard Brown say that you didn't know your head from a shotgun; that he caught you, one day, reading a newspaper up-side down; that he'd sooner vote for the lowest down plantation boy in the ward than vote for you, and that if you were elected, city scrip would go down to five cents on the dollar, and taxes go up so

nigh you couldn't reach them with a Jones went home and sat down on the that peace of mind which only one can know whose bosom is disbended with the proud consciousness of having done

a good action. About a half an hour afterward he said to his wife, who was sitting inside:
"Mrs. J., I don't think Bill Brown
will hit our boy any more."

" Come and see." Mrs. Jones stepped to the window and looked out. They were bringing Brown home on a shutter, with both of his eyes bunged up, and his nose dripping blood at every pore.

Mrs. Jones turned to her husband

"Darling, can you forgive me?"

Jones drew himselt up haughtily and replied with withering sarcasm: "Mrs. Jones, I don't think I'm able to protect this family; you had better send for your brother."

Mrs. J. was crushed.

A recent fatal accident on the Great Western railroad, near London, Canada, contains sufficient elements of romance. The day express was racing along to make up time when the engineer, George Irwin, saw, as he rounded the curve, that a switch was open. The fireman sprung from the cab and escaped uninured, but Irwin had no thought of thus saving his life, and reversing the engine the train to a standstill on the verge of a steep embankment, though not before his engine had b en thrown from the track. He was scalded to death. Irwin was one of the oldest engineers on the line, and the first that crossed Suspen-sion bridge. He had acquired sufficient sion bridge. He had acquired sufficient property at Windsor to render him independent of labor for the rest of his life if he chose to retire, and was an alderman of the city. The fascination of his occupation, however, kept him on the road till he met his death at the post of duty. His remains were received at attained a length of about an inch, the stalks being white, while the seed sacks were of the color and otherwise resembled those of blue grass. The growth did not appear to injure the fruit; the city, and its flags were half-masted and bells tolled in his honor.

New Jersey potato bugs visage as he sits on a clump of dirt watching for the first sign of the new crop to come up.

Adonis (after his guests have departable of the city, and its flags were half-masted and bells tolled in his honor.

By gentleness, overcome anger; by good, evil; by liberality, greed; by openness and truth, dissembling and falsehood.

Speak the truth; yield not to anger; give, when asked, of the little thou hast; by these these these them shell, so near

The evil doer mourns in this world, and he shall mourn in the next; in both

Items of Interest. A very greedy boy—One who recently took the measles from his little sister. The paying admissions to the Centen-

were 86,808 paupers in London, of whom 36,915 were in workhouses, and 49,893 received outdoor relief.

The Benedictine monks are to estab lish a monastery at Fort Augustus, Inverness-shire, Scotland, after an absence of three hundred years.

Texas Legislature declaring drunkenness to be a misconduct, and making it pun-ishable by a fine of \$100. The time is drawing near when ama-

teur gunners go out carrying their shot in a pouch, and come home carrying a portion of it in their legs. The exports of France to England in

the first three months of the current year amounted to \$50,000,000; those of In Egypt three out of five children die before reaching the age of two years. This is about the rate of mortality among Presidential candidates in the United

An old lady at Attica, Ind., just to show what she could do, filled a goblet with rich cream, and with a teaspoon churned butter enough for breakfast for a family of six.

The governor of Texas has issued a proclamation revoking all immigration agencies heretofore established, as the new constitution does not recognize any bureau of that kind. In Connecticut, last year, there were 466 divorces to 5,385 marriages, with an average of about 360 divorces a year for the last fifteen years, the prevailing cause being "general misconduct."

In a certain apothecary's shop of Pittsburgh may be seen a notice recommending a certain patent medicine with the dubious heading: "Try the box; noot her medicine will ever be taken." Henry Wellman, a rider in a circus, cruelly whipped his horse in Great Barrington, Mass., because it would not readily learn a trick. He was sent to

When Brigham Young finds that the biscuit are burned and the mest overdone, he puts on his hat and goes out and brings home a new wife. This course is calculated to make his wives In Exeter, England, a policeman wanted to arrest a girl, but she prefer-red the canal to her misery, and jump-

ed. He leaped after to save her, but she clung fast to him, and both were drowned. "If there is anybody under the canis-ter of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer, going about like a boy con-

The ex-president of the Conundrum club perpetrates another atrocity, viz.: "What is that which no man wants, which, if any man has, he would no part with for untold wealth?" In 1776 you could buy a calico dress for fifty cents. Oh! those good old days! Still, it didn't seem half as good

as to sit up with a girl with a brown silk on, if we are correct in our reading tleman sarcastically asked a man stand-ing up in front of him if he was aware that he was opaque. The other denied the allegation. He was not opaque. His

name was O'Brien. Intelligent housemaid-"Oh, please miss, there was a young gentleman call-ed when you was out. He didn't leave no card, miss, but I can show you who he is, because there's three of his photo graphs in your album." The consumption of eggs in the manufacture of calico is almost incredible.

in an egg—and it consumes the lay of 300,000 hens to supply one of the large calico manufactories in France, An English writer says that in the case of fire in buildings containing horses, if the harness be merely put on, however loosely, the horses will quit the place without difficulty. A knowledge of this may be the means of saving many a valuable animal.

No albumen is equal to that contained

A bar of gold, valued at \$4,000, was carelessly thrown away with the ashes of the San Francisco mint, and the "find" was picked up by a seven-year old boy, from whom the officials of the coin shop have been endeavoring to reclaim it without making the circumstance of the loss known to the police. A clergyman created a hearty sensa tion while speaking in behalf of a most worthy object. Several people quietly folded their tents and decamped. The

minister paused long enough to say:
"We are not going to take up a collection; don't be in a hurry." It is needtion; don't be in a hurry." fore the close of the service. An Eastern man has been experiment ing with potato bugs. He gathered a bunch from his potato vines, and put them in a quantity of water to drown, but they skipped about on the surface; alcohol only served to increase their ac-tivity; kerosene oil produced a little stupidity, but they wouldn't die, so he fired the kerosene, and the bugs gave

up. "Nothing," said a recent writer, "can form a more delightful study for the

ed) -"By Jove, Maria, what a hand-some woman Mrs. Jones is! She looks better than ever!" His wife—"Ahem! better than ever!" His wife—"Ahem! Well, it may be my bad taste, but I own I have hitherto failed to detect the beauty of Mrs. Jones. Now, Mr. Jones is good looking, if you like." Adonis—"Jones good looking! Come—hang it, Maria, Jones is a very good fellow, and all that; but I must say I've never perceived his good looks," etc.

The expression way look with pride

The carpenter may look with pride upon the technology of his trade, for it used everywhere. To say nothing where a lawyer split a hair, shaved a where a lawyer split a hair, snaved a note, got up a case, made an entry, framed an indictment, challenged the jury panel, put twelve of them in a box, bailed a witness, hammered the judge and bored the whole court. And what adze to his offense he chiseled his client, and turned carpenter himself.

JONES VS. BROWN. How Jones Saved his Credit at Home by Making Good Use of Somebody Rise's Fighting Ability.